

# Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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Editor.

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## THE PRINCE.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

A ROYAL prince has landed here  
From the kingly vessel we call *The Year*;  
And rapt in wonder and deep delight  
We gaze on the trappings and armor bright  
Of this pride of the months—October.

His robes are scarlet and gleaming gold,  
All plumed and tasseled with grace untold.  
O where was seen such pomp before,  
Or luscious dainties such lavish store?  
He's a liberal giver—October.

Rich clusters of sun-kissed grapes he brings,  
A harvest carol he gayly sings,  
A-field the farmers are binding sheaves,  
Brown nuts rain fast on the painted leaves,  
And the children love October.

No lazy prince is our high-born guest:  
His time is brief and he knows no rest,  
But labors steadily night and day,  
In the golden sun or the moon's white ray,  
On his mission of beauty—October.

We shall wake some morning to find him sped  
(A monkish brother is left instead),  
And mourn his loss with a home-sick pain,  
Counting the days till he comes again,  
This prince of the months—October.

## THOSE BROWN BOYS.

BY MRS. F. M. HOWARD.

THE gate hung on one hinge, here and there a board of the rickety fence leaned up against its neighbor supported by a rusty nail only, weeds grew unmolested in the yard and garden-patch, and, together with the gaunt unpainted house, presented a picture of utter shiftlessness and neglect.

Half a dozen half-starved pigs grunted and squealed before the door, and a lean, ill-favored cow lowed piteously as she vainly strove to find a scrap of nutriment in the empty feed-pail.

It was nearly dark, and within the house shadows and gloom gave every thing a deserted and dreary aspect, including three lads, the sole occupants of the room, who partook of the neglected and dilapidated character of their surroundings. The eldest of these, a large, ungainly boy of sixteen, was Bud; another, who with eyes red with weeping, looked out upon the fast-darkening landscape, answered to the name of Ted, aged fourteen; and near by sat a still younger brother called Bubby, and the trio constituted the combination spoken of as "Those Brown boys."

"Come, Bubby, you light a candle," said Ted, after a long look out-of-doors.

"I don't want ter, do it yerself," drawled Bubby.

"La now, Bubby Brown; you're a right smart boy, aint yer?" rejoined Ted. "I got ter go fur to milk the cow. Now be a good boy, Bubby, an' I'll get yer a big glass o' milk fer yer supper." And with an unusual show of briskness Ted looked anxiously about for an invisible milk-pail, and made a strenuous effort to hide his fear of the approaching darkness.

"You go, Bud; you're the biggest," wailed Bubby, in answer.

"I've got to shet up them 'ere pigs," replied Bud, loftily. "You're sech a little chap, Bubby, you can't do nuthin' but little chores; so be a good boy and light a candle. Mammy told yer to be good, you 'member, and here's yer chance," and Bud, waving his hand toward the place where the candle was supposed to be, edged heroically toward the lightest part of the room.

Thus adjured Bubby shuffled along to a table in the corner, and after a search brought out a candle-stick with a half-burned candle sticking in it, which, after several unsuccessful attempts, he succeeded in lighting, throwing a dim light over the poor apartment.

Ted under these auspicious circumstances marched boldly across the room and seized the milk-pail, while Bud took his hat from its peg, and together they disappeared among the squealing inmates of the yard.

Jerry Brown, the father of these boys, had once been prosperous and well-to-do in the world, and at the time of his marriage with pretty Delia Castle had as bright a prospect of a successful life as any one need ask for; but there was a latent germ of laziness in his make-up, and after the death of his mother, whose brisk, stirring disposition had acted as a goad to his naturally easy nature, this inclination to indolence had been steadily gaining strength, and for years his really fine farm had been depreciating in value, as fences were allowed to rot down, weeds run riot, and every thing go at loose ends.

His wife was a little dependent creature who had little will-power. With a brisk business man as her husband she might have made an energetic help-meet; as it was, she soon became discouraged, and with the mental excuse that it was no use for her to try to keep things up if Jerry wouldn't, she soon became accustomed to seeing things go hap-hazard, and, excepting at rare intervals, both were contented to take life easy.

Six weeks before our story opens Jerry Brown had taken a fever, and, contrary to his usual practice, he had it with all his might and strength, or rather the fever had him, and he had not the energy to shake it off. Be that as it may, he died, and his poor wife, unused to active cares, and worn-out with constant attendance upon him, was a fit subject for the ravages of the same disease—three weeks from the day her husband was buried she was laid beside him, and the three sons were alone in the world.

The orphans were sitting around the table finishing their supper, which Bubby had prepared while his brothers were doing their evening tasks, when a rap at the door startled them in the midst of a subdued dispute as to whose should be the duty of clearing away the few supper things. Bubby opened the door and ushered in a neighbor, a sharp, wiry little man, with vim and energy in every motion, and in his presence even Bud and Ted involuntarily straightened themselves up and lost for the time being the listless air they usually wore.

"I thought I'd come over and see how ye was a-gettin' on,"

said Mr. Ferrin, helping himself to a chair. "My wife says to me arter supper, 'Them Brown boys must be powerful lonesome to-night, an' ye'd better go over an' chirk 'em up a spell,' an' so here I be."

"Wal, it be's," replied Bud, awkwardly and with a snuffle, "never knowed as I'd miss daddy and mammy so much till they'd gone," while Bubby sniffed and sobbed audibly.

"That's natur'," rejoined Mr. Ferrin; "we never kalkerlate how much store we set by our own till they're gone outen our reach, and then we begin to wish we hadn't got mad quite so often and to think how powerful nice we'd be to 'em ef we only had 'em back. Now what do ye think ye'll be doing with yerselves? Ye know there's yer livin' to be got some way," with a keen glance.

"Haint thought nothin' 'bout it," replied Ted, his usual drawl shortened perceptibly. "'Spect suthin'll turn up; most allers does."

"Not unless ye go to work and turn it up, my lad," replied Mr. Ferrin, his sharp eyes resting on Ted's ungainly form and noting his general shiftlessness of appearance. "Nuthin' turns itself in this world unless there's somebody a-hold of the lever that's underneath it; so if ye're expectin' suthin' good'll come to ye there's work before ye to make it come."

This was a new idea to the Brown boys, and they looked at one another with a perplexed stare.

"Now, boys, I aint much on the lectur' line," resumed Mr. Ferrin, straightening himself up, "but I'm goin' to give you a fair and square talk jest as I'd like ter hev somebody give my boys if they was left in your shoes. Now ye see, there's two roads open to ye, and now's yer time to make a choice which ye'll foller; ye can take one of 'em and be jest as lazy and shiftless as—as—well, as ye've always been—beg yer parding if I bunt against yer feelin's—and ye'll grow up to be great, ignorant, lazy men, with nary a cent, and folks'll p'int to ye and say, 'Them's those great lazy Browns,' or ye can take the other road and go to work and make smart, industrious, well-to-do men outen yerselves; I don't say as it wont be tough on ye for a while, but it can be done."

"What on yairth can we do?" asked Bud, aghast at such an unheard-of proposal.

"Do! Goodness! Hear the boy!" ejaculated the visitor. "Why, yer pa has left as good a farm fer ye as there is in the kentry, if it was only taken care on and made of what it orter be. There's ten good years of work right here fur ye all, and if ye manage right a snug little fortin apiece right here at yer door. Now, I tell ye, if ye're a mind to pluck right up and go at it, ye'll have help and sympathy from all on us. Neighbor Martin was tellin' me as I came along as how he and some of the other neighbors would turn right in, if ye was willing to work the place, and give you one or two rousin' big days' work to get things a-goin' fur ye, and me and my boys'll put in our best licks to help along."

"Bleeged to ye, I'm sure," replied Bud, with awkward dignity, "but it 'pears like it's a nawful big lay-out fur three fellers like we 'uns. I'm big enough, but Ted and Bubby's little yet."

"Ted's got an arm like a blacksmith if he had enough work to bring out the muscle on't," said Mr. Ferrin, taking Ted's arm in a grasp that made him wince and move uneasily away, "and Bubby can do the lighter work in the house. Ye'll hev to hev somebody to keep the house fer ye, and Bubby with my woman's help can keep things chirk as ye please."

"Mammy showed me how to make doughnuts onct, and I can bile 'taters like—like every thing," said Bubby, growing interested in the subject.

"Of course yer kin," replied Mr. Ferrin, encouragingly. "Now I don't let on it's going to be uncommon easy to do all this; it's going to take hard work and head work, but the end will be enuff sight more satisfyin' than that other course I mentioned."

"But couldn't we be a-sellin' of the farm?" asked Ted, anxiously.

"Wal, yes, mebbe," replied Mr. Ferrin, "for about one quarter what it's really wuth, in its present condition; and speakin' of selling, ef you'll put five years of good honest work on it, and at the end of that time are willin' to sell, I'll buy it, and pay every cent it'll bring in the market. Come, now, that's a bargain."

"Wal, we'll see about it," said Bud, with more of animation than he had shown for months.

"Here's some things Mrs. Ferrin sent ye, and I'll come in to-morrow evenin' and see which road ye make up yer minds to travel," responded Mr. Ferrin; and, depositing a pail filled with substantial goodies upon the table, he took his departure.

Late in the night there was an uneasy wriggling and turning in the beds occupied by the brothers, and after a while a voice called,

"Say, Ted, yer awake?"

"Yes, Bud; what yer thinkin' about?"

"'Bout what old man Ferrin said," replied Bud.

"Wal, what yer think about it?" asked Ted.

"I dunno," said Bud, "'pears like it's mighty tough. Whatter you think?"

"I dunno nuther. Makes my back ache a thinkin' on't;" and silence reigned again for an hour or more.

"Say, Bud, got ter sleep yet?" queried Ted, anxiously.

"No, what on yairth yer laying awake all night fer?" replied Bud.

"'Cos I'm thinkin'," said Ted, "I say, Bud, let's do it."

"Wal," replied Bud, slowly, "that's jest what I've been thinkin', let's."

The neighbors turned in and worked with a will, and at the end of the week a respectable beginning had been made on the summer's work. Odds and ends were picked up, mended, and put in place, and already under the pressure of new responsibilities the three boys were fast losing their listless drawl, and were actually beginning to make themselves tidy, and in various ways showing a newly awakened and wholesome pride in themselves and their surroundings.

"I say, Bud, I've got an idee," exclaimed Ted, one evening, as he laid down a newspaper in which he had been reading: "Thar's that little piece of land over the fence we aint laid out for any 'ticular use, and I'm jest a mind to set it out to fruit, strawb'r'es and raspb'r'es, and get some of them Lawton blackb'r'es that old man Wilson's always a-crowin' about, and see what I can do in the fruit business. What ye think? I wont get no profit this year, but next they'll be bearin', and I know I kin sell all I kin raise."

"Shouldn't wonder if it would be a master good spec," responded Bud, graciously. "I've heern tell of folks makin' heaps of money that way; and there's Deacon Harmon throws away heaps of strawb'ry runners every year, and I don't doubt but you kin get started raal cheap, and I'll tell you my plan, seein's you've told me yourn. I've been readin' of a woman as made a raal fortune raisin' of hens and chicks, and ye know, Ted, I allers loved to be fussin' round poultry, and I thought I'd go inter that line of business if ye thought well of it; ef a woman kin make money that way, I'll bet I kin; I don't 'low I'll be beat by the female sect"—with an air of comical importance.

"That's a right smart notion, Bud," replied Ted, encouragingly. "That old kerridge house aint no kind of use seein's we've got no kerridge but the wheelbarrer, and we can put in a lot of roosts and nests thar and fit it up into the chirkest kind of a hen-house, and we kin get raal blooded eggs and raise chicks that's worth somethin'. Now you help me on my plan and I'll help you on yourn."

"But what am I a-goin' to do to help?" cried Bubby, all animation with the grandeur of the calculations.

"You! O you can help set the strawb'r'es and feed the chickens when yer other work's done," replied Bud, patronizingly.

The plans worked admirably. Ted succeeded better than he expected in procuring plants, and by diligent labor soon had a half-acre set with small fruits under good cultivation,

and Bud's chicken-house became a magnificent reality, and the wild common hens with which the farm had been stocked proved themselves worthy of all praise as each selected a nest and announced herself ready to assume the responsibilities of motherhood.

One day there was an odd little rap at the door, and Ted admitted a little woman with a form like a dumpling, leading a little girl by the hand; she cast a quick look about the room, and seating herself made known her errand at once.

"I've heard about three orphan boys," she began, "as was a-tryin' to make a livin' for themselves, and I jest thinks to myself, 'Here's a chance to do a little good and help yourself too, Mary Carey; so you go right to them and make them an offer and see what they think of it,'" and she stopped for breath.

"Well, mum?" answered Bud, awkwardly, at a loss for a more comprehensive reply.

"You see I'm a widow without a home, and you're orphans with a home, and it strikes me you need me right here to oversee things and help you where none but a woman can help; and I want to come and work for my board and the little one's. So I can help you and you me, do you see?"

"Yes, mum; but the wages—we aint able to hire a house-keeper," said Ted, unable to comprehend the dazzling scheme at once.

"But I tell you I don't want any wages," she replied, impatiently. "My husband died in the army, and I draw a pension that clothes me and little Annie right smart, and all I need is a home, and I am willing to work for that," and she made a motion as if she were going to remove her bonnet and take possession at once.

"But, ma'am," resumed Ted, aghast at such summary proceedings, "we aint got enough victuals for so many, I'm afeared."

"I know! I know!" she answered. "I know all about it; you've got three or four pigs that need fattening and turning into sausage and side pork, and a cow that needs one to look after her, and a dozen ways of bringing in victuals that boys don't know any thing about. I know!" and the process of disrobing began in earnest, and before the boys could realize what had befallen them the little woman was trundling about with her sleeves rolled up, making curious exclamations as she found various unique examples of boys' housewifery.

Under the new regime things prospered amazingly; the cow developed an appetite which sensibly increased her flow of milk for the family, and under Mrs. Carey's direction two of the pigs were disposed of for food to fatten the remainder; the neglected garden was planted with a choice selection of early vegetables, and the fruit-trees which had not seen a pruning knife for years were closely trimmed and put in bearing order.

"I tell you, Bud," said Ted, one night as he watched Mrs. Carey flying about preparing the supper, "it's just like the old story—the whip commenced to whip the pig and the pig commenced to go."

"Yes, Ted," replied Bud, looking intently into the coals; then with a sigh, "Poor pappy and mammy, I wonder what they would say to see things hum along so."

About this time the boys received an offer of a good price for a ten-acre lot which could be spared from the farm, and by Mr. Ferrin's advice it was sold, and the proceeds applied to a general rejuvenation of the place, the house receiving a coat of white paint, the fences a thorough repair, and many other needed improvements being made which materially altered the appearance of the farm, and the boys by the means were able to get their fall work done, so that by untiring industry out of school-hours they were all enabled to attend the village school during the winter.

Bud's chicken plan proved very successful, and a hundred fine large chickens were the result of his first year's venture, while Ted's fruit promised a bountiful yield, and Bubby was fast earning himself a reputation as a bright scholar, to his own astonishment and also that of his friends.

As the boys were going home from school one afternoon they overtook a little old gentleman with a rusty hand-satchel in one hand, his steps aided by a stout walking-stick in the other.

"Good day, lads! good day!" said he, with a queer little bob of his head as they came up. "Do you happen to know any Browns around in these parts?"

"Our names are Brown, sir," replied Ted; "but I don't know of any one that would want to see us."

"Did your mother have an Uncle Harrison?" queried the old gentleman.

"Yes, sir," replied Bud. "I've often heard her speak of him."

"Well, then, I'm your Uncle Harrison," said he, giving them all a searching glance. "I heard that my niece and her husband were both dead, and I've been expecting every day that I'd have a parcel of children bundling in to share my last crust with me; but as they didn't come I got uneasy and reckoned I'd better hunt them up and find out what was the matter."

"Thank you, sir," replied Bud, straightening himself up proudly, "but we prefer eating our own crusts to begging of our relations."

"We carry on the farm ourselves, and don't need charity, sir, while we have our health!" interposed Ted, his face flushing angrily.

"Carrying on a fiddle-stick," answered the old gentleman, testily. "You don't tell me that Jerry Brown's boys are carrying on a farm alone."

"Yes, sir; we are," replied Ted, and, forgetting his anger in his pride, he gave his uncle a detailed account of all their plans and successes, with which he was so delighted that by the time the gate was reached he was in prime good humor and prepared to be pleased with all he saw.

After a week's visit, in which he offered many helpful suggestions and proved himself a valuable friend to the young farmers, he started for his home, taking with him Bubby, whom he proposed to clothe and educate liberally, and, he darkly hinted, make his heir when his own earthly career should be finished.

The five years rolled quickly away, and Mr. Ferrin's offer to buy the farm was promptly refused by the brothers, whose industry and thrift had brought it up to its full value; and now Annie is mistress of the house as Ted's wife, Mrs. Carey having finished her earthly labors. Bubby is clerk in an important mercantile house, while in all the country around there are no young men more highly respected for honesty, thrift, and industry than "those Brown boys."

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## MY TWO.

ONE wears a crown of silver gray,  
And on his gentle face  
The golden lines of many a year  
I reverently trace.

A gaze half-sorrowful, half-glad,  
On early days he turns;  
Then looks with wistful questionings,  
Where sunset glory burns.

My other wears a crown of gold,  
And with her eager eyes  
She sees the future, bright and clear,  
In radiant beauty rise.

While one looks back with longing gaze,  
One forward looks in hope;  
Life lies behind, before, beyond—  
How limitless its scope!

—Margaret Bourne, in *The Independent*.

## NO.\*

## A Serial Story.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

## CHAPTER XX.

THERE was no further attempt that year to rob the B— Bank, and Jack went on in his quiet routine of life with no special excitement. Early in the summer his Aunt Hannah died, and Uncle John removed to Mrs. Manice's house. His wife had lingered much longer than any physician thought was possible; and in constant care and anxiety for her Mr. Boyd's health had broken down, and when the need to keep up was removed from him by her death he became so ill that his sister-in-law removed him at once to the rooms the old aunts had occupied.

This brought a heavy burden on Manice's shoulders; not only was John a helpless invalid now, but the prospect of his restoration to health or energy was very slight, and he had literally no money.

His wife's long illness had demanded the expenditure of every cent he received, and Will had not helped him at all. When the family met after the funeral, Will told his aunt that he thought the best place for his father to go to was the house of his old coachman, who had bought a farm out in the remote country and would no doubt board Mr. Boyd cheaply in consideration of such light work as he could do about the house and garden.

John Boyd looked up from the sofa where he was lying with an expression almost amounting to terror at this proposition. Manice smiled across at him and put her fingers on her lips. Will saw neither smile nor gesture, but went on in his weak, pompous way:

"In fact, I have already talked with Patrick on the subject, and he has fixed his price. For four dollars a week he will supply board and washing, and father will be expected only to fetch in wood, weed in the garden, drive the stock to pasture, hoe corn a little, keep the shed in order, and take care of the poultry; light and amusing work, you see, and calculated to interest his mind. The arrangement strikes me as peculiarly advantageous, and Mrs. O'Brien will be ready now at any time. I think myself that four dollars a week is a high charge, but I hold a mortgage on the place, and this secures me the interest on it, at least while the arrangement lasts."

Jack colored hotly and opened his lips to speak, but Manice laid her hand on his shoulder and whispered, "Don't!"

Jack bit his lips and looked across at his uncle, from under whose closed eye-lids a slow hot tear was forcing its way across the cold and pallid face that looked almost death-smitten as it lay against the dark pillow of the sofa.

"You propose to pay four dollars a week then for your father?" said Manice to Will, in a voice that fell cold on every ear.

"Yes, that is all I can afford, and the law requires me, I believe, to see that so near a relative is not thrown upon the town; though I do not really know how to afford it. My investments require me to have ready money on hand in case of calls, and some of them are at present unproductive, though safe, perfectly safe."

The two girls looked at each other, and Manice's calm face flushed with disgust; but she controlled her voice and said, very quietly,

"As you acknowledge before these witnesses that you intend to pay that sum for your father's support, I wish to say that I will take him home with me and make him comfortable for that same sum without exacting from him any labor."

Will began to stammer.

"O—O, well, but Aunt Manice—you see—well, I can't afford to pay you what it is worth here; and—and—then, there's my mortgage, and—"

"Wilson Boyd!" said Manice, with a severity Jack had never heard her use before. "You shall not send your father in his age and weakness to be the drudge of any man, and wear out his last days far from any friend or relation. I do not propose to take him to my house and care for him without your help, though he would be in any case a welcome guest here always. But if you have no feeling and no principle, think at least how unwise it would be for you; what a stain and shame on you as a business man to turn your father off in this manner! You can't afford it! You are too well known in Danvers to do it without injuring your character."

Will stood silent and shame-faced for once. Jack's countenance glowed as he looked and listened. Manice's grave, worn face lit up with positive beauty while she spoke—the beauty of a just, generous, and tender soul. Long since the tender tints, the soft, rounded outlines, the sparkle and glow of youth, had left her face,

"But a smooth and steadfast mind,  
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,"

and the peaceful faith of a heart that rested always in God and tended forever toward "the things which are above," had wrought out a loveliness on Manice Boyd's countenance that youth never knows—the real, literal "beauty of holiness."

"Well, I'm sure," whispered Will, "I'm awfully obliged. I know you'll take good care of him."

Manice did not answer.

"Jack," said she, "I told Dawson to send a carriage here an hour after we came back. I think it has just driven up. Help your uncle out to it, and you and Anne go home with him; his rooms are ready. Alice will help me here, and you will please tell the driver to come for us in another hour."

While she spoke Will had slipped out of the door and taken himself off. He was not a particularly sensitive youth, but his aunt's words had really pierced the armor of his selfish soul. He sneaked back to his business, and visited his self-contempt on the clerks beneath him all the rest of the day, till they were weary of their lives for the remainder of its lingering hours. It is such a satisfaction to his class of people to make others unhappy when they are out of sorts themselves!

So Manice and Alice packed up Mr. Boyd's belongings and Aunt Hannah's things, while Jack and Anne established Uncle John in the pleasant rooms with south windows and a crackling wood fire, which Mimy had hastened home from the funeral to light. She had also warmed some strong broth which she fetched up to Jack to give his uncle, and when the poor old man was laid on the sofa, warmly covered, and Anne sat down in the window with her sewing, so that he might not feel altogether lonely at first, Jack went down stairs, being waylaid by Mimy, who hurried him into the kitchen, and, slamming the door behind her, began at once,

"Well, how was it? How did that Wilson let you fetch him? I heered of his contraptions quite a spell ago, and put your ma up to 'em. I should hope he didn't air 'em dyrect his pa got home!"

Jack told her all about the painful scene, and Will's proposal.

"Well! the 'aint no words for sech everlastin' littleness! I should think Will Boyd would want to go away and hate himself to death. But land! them that can do sech things aint never the ones to see how despicable they be; if they was they wouldn't do 'em. And there never was a truer word spoke than that one about making a whistle out of a pig's tail. I tell ye an angel couldn't whistle that feller!"

"I really think though, Mimy, that mother did make him a little ashamed of himself. You ought to have heard her."

"Well, she's as nigh an angel as they make 'em down below. I've said so before, an' now I say it ag'in; but he wont stay ashamed, now I tell ye."

"Mother," said Jack, as he sat on the sofa by her that night, for a quiet talk, as he was to go back to B— in the morning. "I want you to understand that you're not going to spend your substance on Will Boyd."

"My dear Jack, what are you talking about?"

"It amounts to the same thing, your taking Uncle John for four dollars a week, and you're not going to do it. Here am I, getting three hundred dollars a year extra, for playing at scarecrow. Now, ma'am, that money is going to be paid right over to you, to be used for Uncle John."

The tears rose to Manice's eyes; she could not speak. Jack went on:

"All the same don't you let Will go back on his pittance. Make him pay you regularly or threaten him with the law. O! you worldly-wise little mammy! how did you know that your cut-and-thrust about his reputation in business would fetch him so square? That was a regular slugger!"

"Jack! don't be slangy," laughed Manice, who was just ready to cry, but never allowed herself that feminine indulgence except when she was alone—if she could help it!

"But, my dear Jack, I can do a great deal for Brother John without much expense; much to make him comfortable, I mean. And I want you to begin and lay up a little money. I suppose some day, like all young men, you will want a home of your own, and it will be twice as valuable if you lay aside and deny your small wants to that end. I have already put a share every year of what you sent me into the savings-bank here in your name, and for this purpose. If you want to supply Uncle John with some small luxuries that will make his life more pleasant I shall not object. Send him a daily paper if you like, or an illustrated magazine, or some nourishing delicacy that you can get in B—— and I cannot get here. The girls and I wish and intend to do all we can for him, and Will must and shall pay his share. It is promised, and I think I can assure it. You know already I can use forcible arguments."

Jack laughed, bidding Manice good-night and good-bye together, as he went back to his work early in the morning. It was well for him that his mother was just as well as generous; and he had occasion to bless her for it shortly after.

Augustus Jones, the teller, had taken of late quite a fancy to Jack—took him out to drive sometimes, after bank hours; invited him to lunch at an expensive restaurant on the most costly dishes, and did his best to induce him to drink various wines as part of the feast, but Jack persistently and stoutly refused to taste any thing of the sort.

He had also asked Jack to dine at his house, a beautifully furnished and commodious apartment flat, where his pretty young wife presided, looking like a fashion-plate in her rich dress and tasteful ornaments.

Jack had a clear head, and this style of living did not seem to him possible on what he knew was usually a teller's salary.

"You're a lucky fellow, Jones!" he said, as Augustus ostentatiously exhibited to him one day a pony and basket-phaeton he had just bought for Mrs. Jones. "You seem to be in such 'fluent circumstances,' as our old Mimy says. Can't you get translated into a cashier's place somewhere, and let me slip into your shoes? A teller's salary must be worth having!"

"My dear fellow!" said Jones, "I trust you're not so verdant as to suppose all this comes out of my teller's pay? Not much! I know a trick worth three of that. Just you keep your eye on the stock-market quotations, Boyd, and watch how they go up and down. Well, sir, that's 'mine oyster!' I've got a friend in the brokerin' business in New York; he wires me the tip, so I buy in low and sell out on a rise, and make dollars easy as you can turn your hand over. I tell you this is the golden goose! Nothin' like it. Any time you've got a hundred or so to spare, fetch it to me; I'll double it up for you, and you'll get the idea when you pocket the cash. Why only yesterday I sold out fifty shares of the Black Rock and Shoddyville Road that I had held six weeks for a rise, and made a cool thousand. How is that?"

Jack's head began to turn. Here indeed was a gorgeous prospect. He could not possibly save a thousand dollars in three years, but here Jones had made it in six weeks! He went home in a dream, the dream that has haunted and ruined

its tens of thousands, and he wrote to Manice at once. Here is his letter:

"DEAR MOTHER: Will you let me have \$100 of the money you have put in the savings-bank for me? I see a way to double it without any work at all. Our teller does a good deal in buying and selling stocks, and is willing to give me the straight tip now and then, and, as he says, it's the thing to do, 'venture a sprat to catch a whale,' you know. So, mammy, you may be a millionaire's mother yet. Send it in a check, please. Your big boy, JACK."

Manice's answer came as quickly as the mail could bring it; but there was no inclosure, and the first word Jack saw was—"No!"

[To be continued.]

## EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

DURING the storms that have now and then visited the islands of the tropics, trees, which an ax could not fell in less than a day, have more than once been torn from their roots and overthrown with a violence that hurled their branches in every direction; and witnesses of such devastations might well suppose that a hurricane is the mightiest of all manifestations of the elemental forces.

And yet it has been calculated that the power of an earthquake exceeds that of the most violent storm at least a thousand times, or about as much as the explosion of a powder-mill exceeds the propulsive force of an air-gun. Not all earthquakes are of destructive violence; but their concussions, whether light or heavy, are always irresistible. An earthquake shock may upheave the ground only a quarter of an inch, but the most massive building and the grandest mountain range will be upheaved as surely as a light frame cottage. In a destructive earthquake the weight of a building adds nothing whatever to its security. Houses, built of the heaviest masonry, and which no storm could as much as shake, have been shot from their foundations by an earthquake shock and their walls hurled about as a pile of loose pebbles would be scattered by a hammer stroke.

About three hundred years ago the Spaniards founded the City of Caracas in the coast-hills of Venezuela, and had to rebuild it several times on account of the frequent earthquakes to which that part of South America seemed especially exposed. Experience at last taught the citizens that high and narrow buildings had no chance to resist these visitations, and they began to build their houses after a plan which they hoped would insure their permanent safety. With the exception of a few churches and watch-towers all buildings were limited to one story, resting on deep foundations and covered with a flat roof without turrets and projecting chimney-stacks.

The four corners were re-enforced by buttresses, and a rim of terraces generally ran all around the base of the walls. Higher up girders of iron joined stone to stone, and often house to house, sometimes inclosing a whole block with a band of riveted bars. Yet on the 10th of June, 1812, seven thousand of those houses were demolished in less than a quarter of a minute. A single earthquake shock turned the city into a heap of debris, and more than twelve thousand of the inhabitants were crushed under the walls of the buildings they supposed to be earthquake-proof.

Fourteen years later the same city was again destroyed by an earthquake that upheaved the coast of South America from Buenos Ayres to the Isthmus, but spent its main force in the West Indian Islands. The island of Hayti was rocked like a ship in a storm, and on the north-west coast of Jamaica a massive mountain range was literally torn into pieces, the beach in many places having been covered with mountainous heaps of rock avalanches. On the island of Sumbawa in 1772 a broad promontory was torn from the connecting

mountains and turned into a sea-girt rock. The natives have a tradition that their island once formed a part of Java, till a violent earthquake tore a chasm across an isthmus now intersected by the strait of Lombok; and there is reason to believe that by a similar catastrophe Java itself was torn from the south coast of Sumatra. From Sumatra to Timor Laut some eighteen or twenty islands form a most remarkable chain, resembling a shoal of fish swimming in a straight line, with the largest ahead and three or four of the smallest bringing up the rear. A mountain chain, forming what might be called the backbone of each island, runs from western Sumatra to the east cape of Timor Laut, all along exhibiting the same geological characteristics and maintaining the same general direction and even the same average height of 6,500 feet.

Yet an earthquake that could tear a chasm across a mountain range of that elevation would shake our planet as the bursting of a boiler would shake an engine-house, and might well account for the eruption of such volcanoes as the now extinct crater that inundated southern Oregon with a lava-bed nearly 2,000 feet thick and covering an area of 24,000 miles.

For in the mountains of South America, as well as in the volcanic regions of the Old World, it has been observed that a violent earthquake is generally either accompanied or followed by a volcanic eruption. It would almost seem as if the fissures connecting the craters of active volcanoes with the restless fires of the nether world were now and then liable to obstructions, obliging the pent-up vapors to force their upward way with a violence that shakes the surrounding mountains as the force of expanding steam shakes a vessel of boiling water, till the cover of that vessel yields to the ever-increasing pressure.

That process would also account for the curious smoke-like haze which has frequently been observed on the eve of an earthquake. Before uplifting a mountain range the imprisoned vapors must now and then succeed in forcing an outlet through the subterranean fissures of such mountains, or even through the interstices of apparently solid rocks, and thus cloud the atmosphere of large districts, often for weeks, as before the great earthquake of 1812, when the Atlantic coast of our continent seemed to be veiled as with the haze of a forest-fire.

A few days before the destruction of Charleston that same haze was observed all through the southern Alleghanies, and became so remarkable on the afternoon of the last day that in many counties of northern Georgia the mountaineers congregated on the cross-roads to discuss the possible cause of the curious phenomenon.

There are some other signs that have now and then enabled the inhabitants of volcanic districts to predict an earthquake or a violent eruption. The sudden outbreak of a hot-spring is a symptom of that sort. Before the earthquake of Lisbon new springs of scalding-hot water are said to have burst from the rocks in the Portuguese province of Algarve.

The eruption of Mount Cotopaxi in 1831 was preceded by the outbreak of torrents of hot water that clouded the valley of Rio Bamba with vast volumes of steam, and covered the fields with dead fish of that peculiar kind found only in subterranean lakes.

Strange subterranean rumblings were heard near Charleston a few minutes before the catastrophe; but it would be a mistake to suppose that every volcanic outbreak is preceded by such noises. Several of the most destructive earthquakes on record came as suddenly as a flash from a clear sky, while in other cases the subterranean thunders continued for so many days that the inhabitants of the disturbed districts had ceased to dread the possible significance of the phenomenon, when the long-delayed outbreak surprised them after all. In 1759 the plains of Michoacan in south-western Mexico were agitated for nearly a week, when the ground at last burst, and the swaying hills gave birth to a new mountain,

the volcano of Jorullo, which has ever since continued to explode showers of ashes and flaming cinders. On the island of Java, too, the dreadful convulsion which in 1772 engulfed the mountain range of Papandayang, was preceded by subterranean thunders that were heard all over the archipelago of the Sunda Islands, and so frightened the mountain-cattle of the Java colonists that hundreds of them perished in the cliffs and ravines in their desperate attempts to reach the open plain by the shortest route.

The instinct of domestic animals has more than once given their masters timely warning of similar dangers. A few days before the most destructive earthquake on record the pigeons of Antioch are said to have left their nests in the city walls and taken refuge in the suburban groves. The philosopher Dion Damascius warned his fellow-citizens to follow the example of the winged refugees, but failed to inspire them with his presentiments of peril, and on the third day came an earthquake which cost the lives of 250,000 human beings, and shook the very mountains all over Syria and Asia Minor. On the afternoon of the 5th of October, 1746, the barber Perez, a citizen of Lima in Peru, was attending to a customer, whose dog suddenly began to betray signs of uneasiness by standing in the open door of the shop and breaking forth repeatedly into a peculiar howl, then listening for a second or two and breaking out into that ominous wail again. Several of the visitors had started to their feet, but stood silent, looking at each other in vague alarm, when the owner of the shop made a spring for the door, as if under the impulse of a sudden inspiration, and rushing out into the street, shrieked out a warning: "*Cuidad, vecinos*"—"Look out, neighbors!" he shouted, "there is trouble coming!" and almost as an echo of his words a rumbling noise and the sound of distant screams approached from the direction of the sea, and in the next minute the crash of falling houses resounded on all sides. An earth-wave had struck the town, and swamped the neighboring sea-port of Callao with a flood that swept away all but forty of its five thousand inhabitants.

On the other hand, certain animals have been known to maintain a strange indifference in the very catastrophe of such convulsions. Horses have been seen grazing with perfect unconcern, while the hills were shaken by the roar of a volcano or the shock of a wall-breaking earthquake. But the explanation of that indifference is perhaps the circumstance that in an open plain animals have no special reason to dread a volcanic disturbance. During a violent storm a bomb-proof building would be a haven of refuge from the dangers of falling trees and drenching showers, but an earthquake that might make such a building the tomb of its inhabitants would spare the children of the wilderness, except perhaps on the slopes of steep mountain ranges, where destruction may come in the form of a rock avalanche.

### A SONNET.

As when some workers, toiling at a loom,  
Having but little portions of the roll  
Of some huge fabric, cannot see the whole,  
And note but atoms, wherein they entomb—  
As objects fade in evening's first gray gloom—  
The large design, from which each trifling dole  
But goes to make the long much-wished-for goal:  
So we do seek to penetrate the doom  
That lies so heavily upon our life,  
And strive to learn the whole that there must be;  
For each day has its own completed piece.  
The whole awaits us, where no anxious strife  
Can mar completeness: here but God's eyes see  
What death shall show us when our life shall cease.

—Chambers's Journal.

NEVER think that you can make yourself great by making another less.—Rev. J. Vaughan.

## PRO'S STEALINGS.

BY EMILY F. WHEELER.

It was not pence or dollars she stole, O dear no; and she would have been greatly shocked had any one called her a thief. Yet there was hardly a day of her life when she did not steal from some one, and her victims would often have given money more cheerfully than what she took from them. Her very name, only a nickname of course, was a perpetual accusation, and she sometimes felt it such. But more often she did not care, she was so confirmed in her fault.

She began the day usually by stealing from honest, hard-working Bridget. She came down to breakfast a quarter of an hour late, and retarded the morning's work twice as long, for as every one knows fifteen minutes then is worth an hour after dinner. Then she took a little from her sister who, all ready for school, had always to wait five or ten minutes for her. Afternoons she robbed her mother if she was wanted to ride, or shop, or call with her; and perhaps she finished the day by stealing a little from her father. For if he came home with tickets for a lecture or concert in the city eight miles off, and said, "Now girls, mind, the 7:05 train if we mean to be there on time," it was perfectly certain that after mamma and Kitty were waiting in the hall and papa was getting into his overcoat a distracted message would be sent up to Pro to "hurry or they would miss the train." And then mamma would climb the two flights to her room and help her with her cloak and find her missing gloves, while Kitty got out her hat, and fan; and with papa vexed at the delay they would rush for the train and perhaps barely get on and have no good seats for the ride. In short Pro was one of the three-handed people, and her little "behind-hand" was the trial of her family and friends. And so she won, instead of her own pretty name of Mabel, the nickname "Pro-cras-ti-na-tion"—thief of time.

She was such a nice girl except for that fault; pretty and bright, quick with her hands and her brain, generous, truthful, and not lazy, except as putting off made her seem so. But she would put off; and so generosity and industry often came too late to do any good. Papa scolded over it, mamma sighed over it; at birthdays and New Years she had fits of repentance herself, and perhaps for a week or two would do better; and then she was as bad as ever.

"Nothing but some great calamity through her fault will ever cure her," mamma said. "Even that might not. And she can't see that this fault may spoil her life."

That was just it. Pro could not see that "a few minutes" made any difference. She was sure she could wait for others, and not get out of patience, and say mean things as they did. What if they did miss the opening of the lecture or the first piece of the concert, or trail through the church during the second hymn in search of a seat? It was not half as bad as Fred's temper or Kitty's pouting over it; and so she persuaded herself in the wrong till one dreadful day when at last she had her lesson.

Mamma had gone to visit a sister a hundred and fifty miles away, leaving Pro, as eldest, in charge. Three days later papa announced at breakfast that he must go out of town for a day or two if they thought they could stay alone overnight.

"But it worries me that we haven't heard from your mother," he said, as he made ready. "If any thing should happen, Mabel; if she should be sick and send for me, I think you'll have to go to her and trust to luck here till I get back." For Mrs. Gray was liable to sudden illnesses—a heart trouble—and she had gone away partly for her health.

"All right, papa; don't worry," Pro said, cheerfully. "Kitty and Biddy could manage, I know; but I think mamma's just too busy or tired to write."

"Your mother don't put things off," he said, gravely, and then he was off.

Two hours later came a dispatch to her father. She tore it open and read,

"Mother very ill. Come at once if possible."

"You'll have to go into the city and cross over to the Union Depot," Fred said, when he heard. "The train mamma went on left at 11:45. If you could get the down train at 10:30 (he glanced at the clock), that would give you time to get across nicely. I hope you'll catch it."

But of course she did not. She barely caught the 10:57. If Kitty had not packed her satchel and Biddy helped her dress, and Fred run ahead to wave the conductor to wait a minute while Kitty dragged the satchel, and Pro ran distractedly buttoning her ulster, they would never have made it. Fred just had time to lift her on, and it was five minutes before she found breath and coolness again and could button her gloves. Then she had time to see that on the seat before her was an acquaintance of her father's and to ask as to her connections in the city.

He shook his head.

"You should have taken the 10:30 train for that."

But when she told the whole story, he said, kind-hearted man that he was:

"I'll do what I can. You have no trunk, you say. We can take a carriage, and by paying double, perhaps make it. But it's a pity you couldn't have taken the earlier train."

Mr. Blake was indeed very kind. Alone she could never have done it at all, and as it was the poor horse was sadly beaten; twice they just escaped collision with another carriage, and O, despair! they reached the depot just in time to see the express move out.

"Just in time to be too late," Mr. Blake said, grimly. "Well, just sit down here and let me see what can be done."

With that he was off to the ticket-office, and presently he returned with news that there was a train two hours later, but a slow one. And she could not go straight through as on the express, but must change at Derby Junction.

"The worst is that you'll get to Hampton late in the evening," he added, looking at her doubtfully.

But Pro was no coward.

"O then I'll take it of course," she cried. "To get to mamma, and as soon as possible, that's all I want."

"Bravo!" said Mr. Blake, really admiring her spirit.

Then he bought her ticket and checked her valise and telegraphed her uncle that some one might meet her, and finally bought her a book to while away the time of waiting. Then he said good-bye; and I'm sorry to say that Pro never reflected that her fault had made a busy lawyer lose a good hour trying to repair matters for her. Instead she settled to her book with the easy feeling that after all it would not make so much difference. A few hours delay and a more tiresome trip—that was all.

And indeed the first hour of travel went well enough. Then she began to tire of her book, and then it struck her that the train was moving very slowly. She began to fear for her connection; and, indeed, when she asked the conductor about it he shook his head.

"We try to make it always, but we're behind time to-day and I'm not sure we shall."

Behind time! Well enough for a girl to be always behind and bother other people; but a train—that was quite another thing.

Her worry grew as she found out that Derby Junction was really only a railroad crossing, the village a mile away, and that if she missed her train she must stay there overnight.

Then first she began to wish she had been more prompt. She told her story to the conductor, and after his surprised question, "Why didn't you take the express?" he was kind and sympathetic. He would telegraph to hold the other train as long as they could; they might make it so.

They did by a hair's breadth. It was just starting as they ran along-side. She was handed over from one conductor to the other, a brakeman tossed her valise aboard, and before she reached her seat the train was in rapid motion.

"Well," a man in the next seat said to his neighbor, giving

Pro no kind glance, "have we been waiting all this while for one passenger?"

"We're a quarter of an hour behind now," his companion answered, "and small chance of making it up either."

A woman in the next seat bent forward anxiously.

"I hope we're going to make our connections at Lane," she said. "If we don't I'm in a bad fix."

"You aren't the only one," grumbled the man. "That's why I wondered at our waiting when the train has two more important junctions. Thought it must be the governor or the president of the road we was waiting for."

Poor Pro's heart sank. A train full of people delayed to accommodate her! It seemed to her that they looked at her with unfriendly eyes, and she tried to forget it in looking from the window. But in vain. It had begun to grow dark and was raining, and fancy, fairly roused now, showed her all the possible consequences of her fault. Six hours' delay might make the difference of finding her mother alive or dead. Her attacks were always violent, and this must have been worse than usual or they would never have summoned her father.

Tears rushed to her eyes as she thought of her mother dying alone, and then she remembered that mother's last words to her—a parting exhortation on her one great fault.

"And I forgot even when I had such a reason for remembering. I could have made the express perhaps; but I've got in such a way of being slow and behindhand, and thinking it's no matter since it only bothers the family, that I can't be prompt when I want to. If I'd had my things in order, and the buttons on my boots. If—if—I didn't always put off putting things in order and fixing them when I ought. If—if—"

And by this time Pro was really crying, not as usual over her unluckiness at the consequences of her fault, but over the fault itself. She remembered all mamma's gentle warnings; she thought, perhaps for the first time seriously, what her nickname meant.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." And that's what I am—a thief. I stole the others' time to-day to help me off, and Mr. Blake's from his business, and nobody knows what trouble I've given these people; and if, after all, I'm too late for mamma—"

Poor Pro! It was that last thought that barbed every arrow of conviction as to her fault and sent it home. And she had time enough to reflect, for the train, getting more and more behindhand as it lost its right of way, made her arrival more and more uncertain. And the people who were missing their connections never let her forget that the beginning of the delay was that long wait at Derby Junction to accommodate her. Of course they said nothing directly to her, but she overheard enough to know all the inconvenience she had caused. Was ever a girl so punished for ten minutes' procrastination?

It was a very anxious, sober girl who, two hours behind time, got out at Hampton. No one was waiting for her; they had concluded she had missed her connections, and had gone home. She had a forlorn and trembling ride up to the house in the hack, all the stories she had ever heard of accidents to young girls so situated filling her memory. And O, the throb at the night-lamp burning, and the dreadful moment before her aunt let her in and answered her eager whisper of mamma!

"Better; a little better, we hope!" and at that Pro took heart to live.

Mamma did not die. She was well enough, indeed, a week later, to hear the tale of Pro's tribulations and the good resolves she had made. And she promised her a new name as a reminder—"Prompt."

How many times in the next six months did papa, or Fred, or Kitty call up to Mabel,

"I say, Pro," and at the quick cry, "Coming!" finish, "I meant Prompt!"

It took longer than that to cure the fault, but Mabel did cure it finally.

## ENGLISH RAILWAY TRAVEL.

It is an old saying in England that none but princes, fools, and Americans travel first-class. If that be true the following table shows a gratifyingly small proportion of royalty, idiocy, and prodigality among the traveling public of Great Britain. On all railway lines there is a decided tendency to make the third-class carriages more comfortable. Some lines are trying to do away with the second-class entirely, and have only first and third:

There has, as might be expected in times of depression, been a large falling off in the number of first and second class, and a considerable increase in the number of third-class passengers as compared with 1884. The figures for the two years are as under:

| Passengers.       | 1884.       | 1885.       |
|-------------------|-------------|-------------|
| First-class.....  | 34,582,539  | 32,465,142  |
| Second-class..... | 62,265,220  | 60,985,772  |
| Third-class.....  | 598,144,101 | 603,762,117 |
| Total.....        | 694,991,860 | 697,213,031 |

Although there has been an increase of over 2½ millions in the number of passengers carried, the receipts from this description of traffic have declined by £370,000.

## A WONDERFUL OLD LADY.

As an instance of the credulity of the lower classes of English servants and the dangers to which the innocent and unwary are liable, we print the following letter and answer, which we found in an English paper the other day:

"DEAR MR. EDITOR: I am a servant girl and have a very comfortable place, and get my wages once a quarter. An old lady, who seems to be very clever, has called to see me several times lately when my missus has been out. She says that she knows all that is going to happen to me, when I shall get married, and who my husband will be, but she cannot do it until I cross her palm with gold, so I have promised to put half a sovereign in her palm when I get my wages, and she is going to tell me all about it. The reason why I am sure she does know is that she has exactly described my young man, and she has never seen him. She says he is handsome, loving, young, gentle, with bright eyes, and sure to make a good husband. Now, that is exactly what my young man is like, and as she has never seen him I think it is very wonderful, and I thought I would write to ask you if you knew this very clever old lady."

Yes, we do know this very clever old lady, and so do the police. When she comes again, instead of putting some gold in the palm of her hand, you should tell the constable to put some steel round the cuff of her wrist. She is a thief who is only going to rob you of your money. With regard to her wonderful description of your young man, you must surely see that every young girl would consider such words applicable to her sweetheart. The moment you read this tell your mistress all about it, and she will help you.

## A STRANGE BURIAL-PLACE.

THERE are countless stories of the eccentricities which men have shown about the disposition of their bodies after death. The old gentleman described in this extract from a London paper selected an unusually exalted position for his final resting-place.

Riding on the top of an omnibus down Oxford Street one can hardly fail to notice a curious object on the top of a very handsome residence some few hundred yards to the right after passing the marble arch. As seen from the road it appears to be a frame-work of glass, some twelve feet long by six feet broad and four feet high. Through the glass can plainly be seen a large, oblong box, painted black, which looks for all the world like a coffin.

This house, although under ordinary circumstances it would bring an enormous rental, being situated in one of the most fashionable parts of London, has been untenanted for fully fifty years past. The story goes, and I have heard it from at least half a dozen omnibus drivers who daily pass the house, that the last tenant, who was also the owner of the property, was an eccentric and very wealthy old gentleman, who served for many years under the government in India.

When he died he left a provision in his will that his body should not be buried, but should be placed in a coffin inside the structure I have referred to, which he had built some years previously, and almost every body believes to this day that the old gentleman's bones and whatever flesh may be left upon them are actually at the present moment lying in this strange receptacle.

I have made inquiries of the agents of the property and they laugh the idea to scorn that the old fellow is really upon the top of the house, but at the same time they acknowledge that the curious structure, whatever it may contain, will never be removed, and they add that although the house has been offered for years past at a greatly reduced rental, nobody can be induced to take it while the glass box and its contents remain in their present condition. This is one out of the many explanations of the curious structure which may be seen any day by those riding past Hyde Park gardens.

# THE JOURNALIST.

Vol. I.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 16, 1886.

No. 4.

## The Journalist.

A PAPER PUBLISHED TO FOSTER A GOOD JOURNALISTIC STYLE AMONG YOUNG PEOPLE.

Edited by readers of OUR YOUTH.

### Notices.

The editors announced in this number hold their positions for this issue only, and must compete again to retain their places.

Contributions rejected for one number of THE JOURNALIST will not be published in another.

Contributions must be written on only one side of the paper.

Rejected manuscript will not be returned unless accompanied by stamps for that purpose.

### EDITORS.

H. C. P., Editor-in-Chief.

A. T., LOUIS J. HOLE,  
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MAY KOBE, FANNIE A. M.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 16, 1886.

[Entered in OUR YOUTH for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.]

## EDITORIAL.

### Embezzling Church Members.

THE lofty ideals and exalted position of the Christian Church excite much criticism. Men stand ready to magnify its least mistakes into fearful evils. As of the Church so of its members. Church members are not infallible. They are men with the passions and desires of humanity, except so far as they are governed and restrained by divine aid. Now and then a man standing high in Church and financial circles absconds. A trusting public or deluded corporation loses thousands. Every such crime has its moral effect. Often it casts a shadow of suspicion over the Church, and seriously handicaps its efforts. That the Church should contain a Bartholomew or a Gould is sad. It is a misfortune, a calamity. But it cannot be helped. The reputation of a Christian invites trust and respect. The world knows this. Is it surprising, then, that a black sheep should sometimes enter the fold? that some should "put on the livery of heaven to serve the devil in?" that men should cover their sins with the cloak of Christianity? This is why there is an occasional embezzler in the Church. The Church should not be held responsible for the misdeeds of a few erring members. Upright and holy itself, it would make all men so. Thank God, there are those whom money cannot buy or fame intoxicate. Despite such serious drawbacks, the world recognizes in the Church the repository of virtue, honesty, and truth. It is the mighty moral agency which is beating back the tides of worldliness and sin.

H. C. P.

### The Story of a Purple Pansy.

BY MAY KOBE.

I WAS born in a beautiful garden. Roses and lilies bloomed near, filling the air with their sweet perfume.

The first morning that I opened my eyes and looked around me I thought I was very much out of place among so many tall, grand flowers, but I tried to be happy,

for I knew it was wicked to complain at my lot.

So I lifted my head and nodded to some gentle white daisies near by, who nodded and smiled in return, and asked me how I liked the world. I replied that the world was nice, but I didn't like the proud people in it. A daisy answered,

"O, the roses and lilies; I shouldn't be afraid of them, they are nice and sociable, especially the tiger-lilies."

Just then a blue-eyed, golden-haired little girl came running into the garden. Seeing me, she cried,

"O, aunty, here's a purple pansy. I thought they were all dead; isn't it beautiful?"

She smoothed my leaves and took more notice of me than of the other flowers, which pleased me very much.

After she went away the daisies told me how they did good in the world. They said that their little owner picked flowers every day and sent them to the sick people at a hospital, and that the roses and lilies helped too.

After that I was seized with a desire to do good, and was sorry that I had misjudged the lilies and roses.

A few days after my conversation with the daisies, the little girl came again, and placed me in the center of a bouquet of daisies and sent us to the hospital.

Then I knew what a mission was.

We were given to a sweet, pale child who died a few hours later clasping us in her hand. We are to be buried with her tomorrow, and I am satisfied to die, for I have helped to make a little child happy. Is not that a mission worth having, and just as sweet as that of a rose or lily?

### A Night of Terror.

BY GEO. M. BRENNAN.

#### I.

PEACEFUL the night, in glorious raiment dressed,  
Her sable robe with myriad stars adorned,  
Passed o'er the city, bringing welcome rest,  
O, treacherous night, by thousands thou art mourned!

#### II.

For suddenly, with unresisted force,  
As if God's wrathful hand had struck the blow,  
An awful shock, with swift-directed course,  
Swept through the city—filled its streets with woe.

#### III.

Groans from the dying, shrieks of dread despair,  
Tumult, confusion, hurrys to and fro,  
High, stately buildings toppling in the air,  
Then crashing down upon the earth below.

#### IV.

Praying, imploring, thus the night goes by,  
Midst flames and ruins falling all around;  
And when the sun lights up the eastern sky  
The half of Charleston lies upon the ground.

THE Editor of OUR YOUTH craves space in the JOURNALIST in which to say that no contributions were received for the "Interview," and that the "Puzzles" which were sent in were not in proper form for printing.

## FIRE AND PANIC!

### THE LINCOLN HOTEL ON FIRE.

### MANY LIVES LOST.

### Heroic Deeds—The Building Burned to the Ground.

[Special dispatch to the Journalist.]

Sept. 4.—Yesterday morning at about 4 o'clock the Lincoln Hotel was discovered to be in flames. There were about sixty persons in the building, most of whom were abed. A panic immediately ensued among the guests and servants, women and children wringing their hands in helpless terror, being too frightened to save themselves. The flames spread rapidly, aided by the strong west wind which was blowing. The adjoining stores were several times on fire, but the destruction was confined to the hotel.

The streets were crowded with people, and the men and boys did noble work in saving lives and property. One brave man in particular was observed rushing in and out of the hotel every few minutes, bringing out the helpless women and children. The last time he entered the place seemed wrapped in flames. No one expected to see him come out again, but at last he appeared bringing with him two children, who must otherwise have perished.

Later.—The remains of two grown persons have been found among the debris of the Lincoln Hotel, which was burned yesterday. Three others are still missing. The loss of the hotel owners is placed at \$25,000.

CORA E. HOWES.

### Press Notices.

THE following are a few of the many press notices that the JOURNALIST has received:

"The latest idea of the conductors of OUR YOUTH is a paper edited by young folks which appears on one of the pages of OUR YOUTH. It is indeed novel, and the JOURNALIST, as it is named, adds much to the interest of the paper."

"As an enemy to trashy literature, and as the exponent of a clearer and better style of writing among the boys and girls of to-day, the JOURNALIST is an undoubted success."

"Although we have seen many papers, we certainly have never seen one without any advertisements and without any subscription price, offering prizes to its contributors, and enjoying a prosperous career until we received the JOURNALIST. And, what is stranger still, this unique publication is edited entirely by young people."

"When our American boys and girls undertake to accomplish any thing that is worth accomplishing they generally succeed. Their latest venture has been in journalism, and the JOURNALIST clearly proves that they have succeeded."

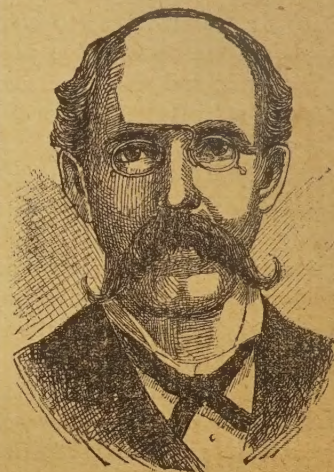
"No. 3 of the JOURNALIST savors of powder and fire-works, and the columns fairly glow with patriotic ideas." A. T.

## Terence V. Powderly.

BY LOUIS J. HOLE.

Few names are better known in America than that of Terence Vincent Powderly, whose portrait accompanies this brief article.

The Master Workman of the Order of the Knights of Labor was born in Carbondale, Pa., in 1849. He is by trade a machinist.



At the age of nineteen he joined the Machinists and Blacksmiths' Union and soon became its president. He has been a member of the Knights of Labor since 1876, and has for several years been its chief executive officer.

As Grand Master Workman of this order, as the head of the most powerful workingmen's union in the world, his powers of command are said to be almost absolute.

Mr. Powderly aims to make the organization an instrument to educate and uplift the laboring men to, as far as possible, reconcile the differences between employer and employed, and to maintain the rights of the laboring classes in a just and lawful way.

This sounds well, but experience has shown that the strength gained by co-operation may be abused, and that oppression and injustice will creep in, in the manipulation of strikes and boycotts. But Mr. Powderly is, perhaps, not answerable for all that is done in the name of the Knights of Labor, and it would seem that he endeavors to direct the affairs of the league in the way to secure the greatest good.

### The Sweetest Words.

BY FANNIE A. M.

Who can tell a sweeter story,  
Than the one that I can tell?  
Can the poet, old and hoary,  
Tell one that will please so well?

He may tell it if he knows it;  
He may sing the grand old song;  
Only he that knows the secret,  
He to whom its joys belong—

Only he can chant the story  
Who has felt its glorious truth;  
Chant it to the old and hoary,  
Sing it to the joyous youth.

"Whosoever," says the promise,  
"Whosoever will may come."  
We may all still claim the promise,  
And have an "eternal home."

# Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, \$1 25 a year for single subscription. Special rates to clubs of ten or more.

[Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.]

THE mother of the lowly, lovely home we have described is the widow of an old school-teacher who taught, in part, for a living, but chiefly because he loved to teach. He loved to teach because he loved to know, and he loved people, and he loved, moreover, to cause people to know. He was not a spendthrift, and therefore saved his earnings, and when he married a fair teacher who enjoyed with him the delights of the profession, they united their limited resources, invested what they had to spare in a little home, put a mortgage on it, paid by degrees with much of system, and finally saw the mortgage lifted, put some new shingles on the roof and a new coat of paint on the cottage and fence. Four children came to them, three girls and a boy. But one of them, the boy, went away early out into the great unknown—not wholly unknown, indeed, to them, because with all their taste and culture they had faith, a faith that rested on the words of hope in the word of life. They believed in many mansions, and the outstretched hands of Him who says even now, as he did in the beginning, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me." The girls mourned their baby brother. Mother and father wept now and then in silence, and then smiled, for while sorrow was with them she never came alone. Joy always accompanied her, and joy always lingered a while after sorrow had left.

OUR good school-master was a man of taste—rare taste—and superior culture. He loved books, wise books. He cared for books because he cared for truth, and judged of their merits by the manner in which they brought the truth to bear upon human character. He honored the great minds and read them diligently—Plato and Aristotle, Homer and Paul, Dante and Goethe, Milton and Shakespeare. He read and re-read and studied. He quoted and expounded and created in his children a taste for the highest and best. In all this educational ministry of the fireside, wife and mother was his equal and a true companion. Life, with its limitations of income and rigid demand for industry and economy, was almost poetic. He helped her. She helped him. Their children helped them, and both continually helped the children. Prayer in the morning and in the evening sanctified every beautiful thing in that little home. No day passed that there was not in that house converse with some royal soul in literature, and so they all grew and loved and made their lives helpful to their fellows, and never knew what envy was. The children had no time for envy. People so much admired the little cottage (which came to be called "college cottage") that there was no room in their hearts for fault-finding with their lot. Other people envied them so much, and gave such free but kindly expression to that envy, that it was hard to keep the three girls from being proud of their home as they were proud of mother and father. One day—alas! alas!—there were words of parting spoken, and deep silence, broken

only by sobs, with the occasional outcry of irrepressible grief; and two days later there were flowers and soft foot-falls in the house, and the gathering of carriages at the gate, and a long procession from the vine-clad cottage to the cemetery on the hill; and if there was no audible prayer that night in the cottage, it was because no one could voice the grief and agony, the longing and hope, that filled every reverent and submissive heart of that household.

THE life that followed would make too long a story for our columns to contain. The settlement of the little estate; the estimate of resources; the plans for wage-earning and house-keeping, all furthered by the sweet memories of the departed one whose example made the practice of every virtue easier, and for the love of whom there could be more self-sacrifice, more mutual helpfulness, more patient submission, than ever before. Plans for teaching in the public school or in special classes; schemes for sewing, clerking, and cooking, and other means of self-support were canvassed. A policy was adopted. Industry and economy of the strictest type were agreed upon. Reading, painting, the training of flowers, were not neglected amidst the daily routine of outside or domestic duty. Choice friends were still welcomed at the fireside. They came because of him who could greet them no more, but chiefly because of those he had left behind. They came because they loved lofty and rational society, high converse, the genuine and unaffected expressions of noble sentiments. They came to give counsel when counsel was needed, to console in trouble; but chiefly to bear away with them the genial influence of hope and courage which made their abode in the little cottage. Every one in "college cottage" had some work to do, and did it cheerfully and promptly. Work in art and literature made it possible for them to hire now and then cheap help for rugged work, and thus give employment to worthy people. In this way the garden, the walks, the pavement and street in front of the cottage, were kept in perfect order. In this way their vegetables were cultivated, the week's washing and ironing done; and the very women and boys who served in the house found in their own hearts a strange enthusiasm for nobler living. There were musical evenings when the best talent in the town gathered. There were evenings of special readings, as when for two months one author was taken up night after night, his character, style, and productions criticised and enjoyed. Many young men learned their first lessons in true social life at this rare fireside, and were saved by the silent but omnipotent influence of personal character. Here gathered literary circles under the auspices of the Church where first lessons in history, science, literature, and art were given, and busy people, and people of limited educational privilege, were introduced to their own inheritance of taste and culture. After a while they came from the house on the hill to the house on the street, and before long the taste of the cottage shed a new and refining influence on the parlors of the palace. New adjustments of the furniture, new drapings, the hiding of some pictures, the subduing of color, the opening of books, the gathering of worthier people for worthier ends, demonstrated that the little cottage, full of love, sympathy, knowledge, and the tone of refined character, was more royal and had more power than wealth could construct or fashion control. From the story of the palace and cottage let our young readers draw some practical inferences.

## OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for October 24, 1886. JESUS CRUCIFIED.—John 19. 17-30.  
GOLDEN TEXT.—John 19. 30.

PREFATORY. A short pilgrimage—from cruelty to cruelty, from torture to death. A weary pilgrim, a fiendish company, scattered friends, a terrible doom.

INTERROGATORY. The place of destination? The companions in death? The title written by the governor's order? Why in three languages? What does this fact symbolize? Who stood near the cross? What touching commission to his mother did Jesus give? In what sense was the work of Jesus "finished" by his death?

HOMILY. And now the end. The wearied and sleepless One tries to carry his cross. It is too heavy for him to bear. A little later the cross bears him as he hangs upon it between the heavens and the earth—a thief on the right, a thief on the left, and baser than thieves gathering with cruel derision round about him. The Roman king must justify the act which he had perpetrated, or at least permitted, and so places over the cross a writing, "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." And, that all might read it, people from every nation represented at Jerusalem, he caused it to be written in three tongues, in Hebrew and Greek and Latin. What a picture it presents! A King suspended on a cross! And as each man in his own tongue read the inscription, "The King," he read not only the temporary charge of a jealous people against their victim, but he read a truth which was true then, true now, and true forever, "This is the King." And what significance is there in this statement? "He is King." Yes, in this world, human nature being what it is, human life being what it is, the loving, self-sacrificing, all-surrendering Sufferer who gives his life for others must be King, King of the human heart, King of the eternal mansions, King who triumphs over hate, King who conquers death, King who opens the everlasting gates to all who trust him.

The Greek represents culture. The Roman represents government. The Hebrew represents religion. It was fitting that the words "the King" should be written in Greek that all who love learning and art and refinement and polish should learn that, after all, culture becomes potent only when it is consecrated to the service of the Nazarene and inspired by his Spirit. It was fitting that the words "the King" should be written in Latin that all who seek human power; who glorify commerce, civilization, and laud what the world calls success, should learn that human power is worth nothing without the love of Jesus Christ, who must be King over all human ambitions and possessions. It was fitting that the words "the King" should be written in Hebrew that all who glorify religion, the religion of pomp and ceremonial, of abstract speculation, and even of Bible study and good deeds, should know that even religion is nothing without Christ. The King, Christ, is Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the life and the soul of all culture, of all power, and of all religion. What a wonderful lesson was taught to the ages by the inscription on the cross!

A most touching scene, in which the heart of the King is set forth, occurs in verses 25-27. The King cares for his mother. And now the end has come. He exclaims, "It is finished." Finished the earthly career; finished the expiatory agony; finished the triumph of human hate and of Satanic purpose; finished the test of his divine ability who came to rescue the race; finished the pages of blood in the record of this atoning history; finished the glory of the Jewish dispensation; finished the work by which souls are to be brought out of the darkness into light, out of bondage into liberty, out of earth into heaven.

PRAYER. May we, O Lord, be moved by the sight of Thy cross to tenderness and to contrition. Help us to love as Thou hast loved us, and may we choose Thee as our Master in life and our King through eternity. Amen.

## GOOD TIDINGS DAY.

PLEASE to remember that next Sunday, October 17, is Good Tidings Day. Last year its success was so great that the Sunday-School Union and Tract Society of our Church, through the two Boards of Managers, have again united in recommending to the Church the observance of next Sunday in the interest of these two societies. Its observance will not add to the number of the benevolent collections ordered by our Discipline: it simply unites two of them to be taken up at one time, and thus diminishes, rather than increases, the labors of the pastors in this direction.

"Children's Day," in June, has been thought by many of our Sunday-school workers and children to be the Sunday-School Union Day. This is a great mistake. "Children's Day" belongs to the Board of Education, and the collections on that day are for the benefit of that Board and the furtherance of its work. The "Sunday-School Union" of the

Church, and the "Tract Society," both of which are doing a great work for children of every age and grade, call upon the Church to unite in a Memorial Day for the "Sunday-School Union" and "Tract Society." It is the GOOD TIDINGS DAY of the year for Sunday-school children and their teachers. Coming in October, it is HARVEST DAY. Coming at the close of the summer season, it is MEMORIAL DAY. Coming in the heart of autumn, it is our AUTUMNAL DAY. Remembering the Gospel, which it is the mission of the Sunday-School and of the Tract Society, by living teacher and printed page, to promote, it is GOOD TIDINGS DAY.

While it is desirable that the same day be universally observed, it is well understood that, by reason of Conference sessions or from some other cause, the day appointed cannot be observed in some places. In that case a Sunday as near the time as possible may be devoted to the purpose.

We trust that in all our Sunday-schools where OUR YOUTH is taken the beautiful service prepared for the occasion will be used and a collection taken for these two societies.

## OUR NOTE-BOOK.

SUNDAY, Oct. 17, is Good Tidings Day, the great day of the year for the Sunday-School Union and the Tract Society. Celebrate it joyously and generously, for it is a noble day. Let the two organizations present some facts concerning their purpose and work.

THE Sunday-School Union was organized in 1840 by the General Conference, "to advance the interests and promote the cause of Sabbath-schools in the United States and elsewhere." Its work is divided into instruction, publication, and benevolence. The benevolent work is directed toward furnishing books and requisites for Sunday-schools in places where the people are unable to pay for them. During the year 1885 aid was given to 835 schools, and in all 40,000 schools have shared the benefits of this Society in its forty-six years of usefulness.

SINCE 1847 the Sunday-School Union has aided the foreign missionaries of the Church in China, India, Bulgaria, Turkey, Japan, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Liberia, Mexico, and South America. The Methodist Mission Sunday-schools in these countries now number 1,431, with a membership of 67,239.

THE Tract Society was organized in 1852 by the General Conference, to diffuse "the blessings of education, civilization, and Christianity throughout the United States and elsewhere, by the publication and distribution of tracts, cheap publications, and books." One half of the collection taken for the Society may be returned in tracts for local distribution, the balance being applied to the general objects of the Society.

THE tracts are circulated on the frontier, in the poor and degraded quarters of great cities, in hospitals and prisons, to sailors and soldiers, to immigrants, to the freedmen of the South, and to our foreign mission stations. More than 1,700 churches were supplied with this literature in 1885. The number of pages distributed was 16,000,000.

THESE two societies are among the foremost of the agencies by which the Church is doing its great work for Christ in this land and age. They have done much, but much remains, and it is for us to aid them by sympathy substantially expressed, and making us partners and co-laborers with them in the service of spreading the "*Good Tidings of great joy which shall be to all people.*"

## JOINT ANNIVERSARIES.

THE joint anniversaries of the Sunday-School Union and of the Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church will be held in St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 19-21. Bishop Bowman, the president of the societies, will preside. Dr. J. M. King, of New York; Dr. I. W. Joyce, of Cincinnati; Dr. Liebhart, the German Corresponding Secretary of the Sunday-School Union; and Drs. Freeman, Hurlbut, Gillet, and Coxé will take part in the exercises.

A MAN may be a miser of his wealth; he may tie up his talent in a napkin; he may hug himself in his reputation; but he is always generous in his love. Love cannot stay at home; a man cannot keep it to himself. Like light, it is constantly traveling. A man must spend it, must give it away.—*MacLeod.*



## SECTION II.

## RULES PRELIMINARY TO THE GAME.

RULE 16. In every match there shall be one referee, and he absolute. The same referee shall officiate at all championship matches.

RULE 17. For intentional delay of game, or off-side play, intentional violation of rule 26, a player shall be disqualified, and his side shall lose five yards for each offense. No delay, arising from any cause whatsoever, shall continue more than five minutes.

RULE 18. The grounds must be 330 feet in length and 160 feet in width, with a goal placed in the middle of each goal line, composed of two upright posts exceeding 20 feet in height, and placed 18 feet 6 inches apart, with cross-bar 10 feet from the ground.

RULE 19. The game shall be played by teams of eleven men each; and in case of disqualified or injured player a substitute shall take his place.

RULE 20. The time of a game is an hour and a half, each side playing forty-five minutes from each goal. There shall be ten minutes' intermission between the two halves. The game shall be decided by the score of even halves. Either side refusing to play after ordered to by the referee shall forfeit the game.

RULE 21. No one wearing projecting nails, iron plates, or gutta-percha on his shoes shall be allowed to play in a match. Ordinary rubber soles allowed, but not rubber tips. No sticky or greasy substance shall be used on the person of players.

RULE 22. The captains shall toss up before the commencement of the match, and the winner of the toss shall have his choice of goal of kick-off. The same side shall not kick-off in two successive halves.

RULE 23. The ball shall be kicked off at the beginning of each half; and whenever a goal has been obtained, the side which has lost it shall kick-off.

RULE 24. The penalty for fouls and violation of rules, where judged as intentional, except otherwise provided, shall be a down for the other side.

RULE 25. The following shall be the value of each point in the scoring:

|                                    |                                |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Goal obtained by touch-down..... 6 | Touch-down failing goal..... 4 |
| Goal from field kick..... 5        | Safety by opponents..... 2     |

## SECTION III.

## RULES BEARING DIRECTLY ON THE PLAY.

RULE 26. No unnecessary roughness, throttling, butting, tripping up, tackling below the hips, or striking with closed fist shall be allowed.

RULE 27. The side which has a free kick must be behind the ball when it is kicked. At kick-off the opposite side must stand at least ten yards in front of the ball until it is kicked.

RULE 28. A player may throw or pass the ball in any direction, except toward opponents' goal. If the ball be batted or thrown forward, unless a fair catch is made, it shall go down on the spot to opponents.

RULE 29. If a player having the ball be tackled and the ball fairly held, the man so tackling shall cry "*Held*," the one so tackled must cry "*Down*," and some player of his side put it down for a scrimmage. The snapper-back and the man opposite him cannot pick out the ball with the hand until it touch a third man. If the snapper-back be off side in the act of snapping back, the ball must be snapped again, and if this occur three times on same down, the ball goes to opponents. The man who first receives the ball when snapped back from a down, or thrown back from a fair, shall not carry the ball forward under any circumstances whatever. If, in three consecutive *fairs* and *downs*, unless the ball cross the goal line, a team shall not have advanced the ball five or taken it back ten yards, it shall go to opponents on spot of fourth. Consecutive, means without leaving the hands of the side holding it.

RULE 30. If the ball goes into touch, whether it bound back or not, a player on the side which touches it down must bring it to the spot where the line was crossed, and there either (1) bound the ball in the field of play at right angles to the touch line and then run with it, kick it, or throw it back, or (2) throw it out at right angles to the touch line, or (3) walk out with it, at right angles to touch line, any distance not less than five nor more than fifteen yards, and there put it down, first declaring how far he intends walking. The man who puts the ball in must face field or opponents' goal, and he alone can have his foot outside touch line. Any one, except him, who puts his hands or feet between the ball and his opponent's goal is off side. If it be not thrown at right angles, either side may claim it thrown over again, and if it fail to be put in play fairly in three trials it shall go to opponents.

RULE 31. *Kick-out* must be a drop-kick from not more than twenty-five yards outside the kicker's goal. If the ball go into touch before striking a player it must be kicked out again; and if this occur three times in succession it shall be given to opponents, as in touch on twenty-five-yard line on side where it went out. At kick-out opponents must be on twenty-five-yard line, or nearer their own goal.

RULE 32. Charging is lawful for opponents if a punter advances beyond his lines, or in case of a place-kick, immediately the ball is put in play by touching the ground. In case of a punt-out, not till ball is kicked.

RULE 33. A player who has made and claimed a fair catch shall take a drop-kick, or a punt, or place the ball for a place-kick. The opponents may come up to the catcher's mark, and the ball must be kicked from some spot behind that mark on a parallel to touch line.

RULE 34. If a player, when off side, interferes with an opponent trying for a fair catch, by touching him, or the ball, or waving his hat or hands, the opponent may have a free kick, or a down, where the interference occurred.

RULE 35. No player shall lay his hands upon, or interfere with, an opponent, unless he has the ball.

the annals of the society never might have contained the information I am about to offer."

"A vote of thanks, then, to Cousin Jane," said Kate.

"There were three things," went on Katherine, "that Cousin Jane said every girl ought to have. I did not have time to make them as I intended, but I think you will be able to understand from the description. Number one is a shoe-button case. Take a piece of paste-board three inches wide and a quarter of a yard long, and cover both sides, one with black velvet, and the other with pink silk. Then make a pocket three inches wide and two long, gather at the top and sew on one end. That is to hold your little card of shoe-buttons. Then make two little leaves of white flannel, scallop or button-hole the edges, and sew at the other end of the board with the edges out. These are for the large-eyed needles. Now take narrow pink ribbon, run it through a spool of patent thread placed in the middle of the board, tie the ribbon around, and tack the ends of the bow outside. When you have added strings of pink ribbon to the middle of each end of the board and tied them together you will have your case all ready to put into your trunk the next time you go off on a journey, and your shoe-buttons and your reputation will be safe."

"But, Katherine," said Kate, "an awful thought strikes me. I hesitate to give it utterance, but suppose—just suppose that you used '*patent fasteners*.'"

"Then you can make a case for somebody who doesn't," said Katherine, "or you can use a spool of white cotton, and some white buttons of different sizes for your case."

"That idea strikes home," said Kate, "for I always forget in what box or place in my trunk I have put the white cotton that mother always insists should accompany me."

"Now for the second item," said Kitty.

"Number two is a shoe-bag. Take for your foundation a piece of heavy linen twenty and a half inches long, twenty-four inches wide. For your pockets take two other pieces of linen, each eight and a half inches long and a yard and a half wide, and plait each piece into four double box-plaits. Baste the first pocket-strip to the lower edge of foundation linen, the other an inch and a half above, stitching braid of any color over the rough edges of the latter. Bind the whole with braid, make a row of feather-stitching between each box-plait, and put loops at the upper corners. If you like you can outline a design on the pockets, or you can use crêtonne for your entire bag if you prefer it. In the latter case the foundation must be made double."

"Now for number three," said Katrina.

"Number three is a traveling-case. For this it takes gray twilled linen. Cut two pieces ten and a half inches long, five inches wide, and round them at both ends. Cut another piece five and a half inches long and five wide, bind one end with braid, and work a button-hole a little below the braid. Feather-stitch the other end of this on to one of the pieces of linen three inches from the bottom, thus making a pocket to hold pins and hair-pins. On the other piece of linen put a pocket nine inches long and three inches wide, feather-stitching the edges, binding the top and working a button-hole. This is for the tooth-brush. Then place together the two pieces of linen, pockets outside, and bind them together by braid to within four inches of the top—and then bind each end separately. You now have a pocket for the comb and brush. Add buttons to correspond to holes in outside pockets, and, finally, make a strap of a piece of linen eight and one half inches long, one and one half wide, bind with braid, put button and button-hole, and tack the middle of this to the long outside pocket near the top. You are now ready to pack your case and start on your journey."

"Katherine," said Kate, "I feel as if I had received a liberal education. Another vote of thanks to Cousin Jane."

"Wait a moment," said Kitty, "until you hear from me. I am assured on the best authority that no traveler's outfit is complete without a shawl-case, and 'Harper's Bazar' supplies a description of the needed article. I cut it out for the benefit of the K. D. S.:

"**SHAWL-CASE.**—Gray sail-cloth or stout linen duck is the material for this case. A piece seven-eighths of a yard long by nineteen inches wide is required for the outside. One end, that which forms the flap, has the corners curved away, leaving the straight part at the middle twelve inches wide; at this end, on the inner side, a pocket eight inches wide and six inches deep is set, which is bound with braid at the edges, and has a flap that is fastened with a button and loop. Beginning at eight inches and a half from the opposite straight end, flaps to fold in are attached along the sides; the flap for each side is half a yard long and eleven inches wide; the narrow side is attached along the side of the case, and the opposite corners are rounded off and bound. The entire case is then bound around with braid, except the flap end, which is hemmed an inch deep. A turned wood bar is passed into the hem, and serves to hold a handle of stout cord, the ends of which are slipped through the hem and around the bar. The straps are made of strips of the linen twenty-nine inches long and two inches and a half wide; they are embroidered in a border design worked in cross stitch with colored silks. A strip of Berlin canvas is basted on the linen to facilitate the work and assist in placing the stitches, and is drawn away in threads when the work is completed. The straps are lined and bound with braid; one end is fastened on the case at three inches from the hem, and several buttons are set on this end; the other end is rounded, and provided with button-holes."

"And now," said Katrina, "I move that we adjourn to meet next week, cases in hand, all ready to start for the Mountains of the Moon."

## OUR GIRLS.

[Contributions appropriate for this department, descriptions of fancy work, candy making, games, etc., are solicited from our readers.]

## THE KATY-DID SOCIETY.—XI.

BY MARY H. MATHER.

"It is fortunate for me that Cousin Jane visited us this week," said Katherine, at the next meeting of the Katies. "Otherwise I fear that

## THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

## New Zealand.

(Area, 104,027 sq. miles; population, 596,604; ruler, British Governor, Gen. Sir Drummond Jervois.)



THE British colony of New Zealand consists of a group of islands in the South Pacific Ocean, situated about 1,200 miles from Australia, and 6,500 miles from the coast of America. Two of these islands, North and Middle, are nearly equal in size. The third, Stewart's Island, is much smaller, being about the size of Rhode Island. There are also several outlying islets. The islands are of evident volcanic origin. Their surface is mountainous, and many of the peaks are active or extinct volcanoes. In the North Island are remarkable geysers and hot springs. The mountain slopes are generally densely wooded, but between them are treeless, grassy plains, well-watered and fertile. Rivers are numerous, but they are generally rapid, and are navigable for only a few miles from the coast. The climate resembles that of England, except that the seasons are reversed, January being midsummer and June midwinter. The productions of England together with many of the fruits of warmer countries here come to perfection. Grazing is the chief occupation of a large proportion of the people, wool, hides, and tallow being the staple articles of export. Wheat and oats are also raised for the export trade, and large quantities of gold and coal are mined. The gold mines, which are chiefly upon land which is the property of the government, were discovered in 1857, and it is estimated that since that time they have yielded precious metal to the value of \$210,000,000. The leading imports are iron and steel goods, clothing, sugar, liquors, and tea. About four fifths of all the trade is with Great Britain and her colonies in Australia. Dunedin, Auckland, Wellington, and Christchurch are the principal cities. The first has a population of about 45,000; the last of about 30,000. Wellington is the seat of the colonial government. Steamers from Melbourne and Sydney connect New Zealand with Australia, and the steamer from Sydney to San Francisco by way of the Sandwich Islands touches at Auckland on the North Island. A telegraphic cable also joins New Zealand with New South Wales. The railroads of the colony aggregate 1,500 miles; and the mileage of telegraph lines is upward of 4,000.

New Zealand was discovered by the Dutch navigator Tasman in 1642. Nearly three quarters of a century later Captain Cook, the famous English discoverer, made a more careful examination of the islands, sailing around them and passing several years in their waters. By the European peace of 1814 Great Britain was confirmed in the possession of these islands, but no steps were taken to settle them. New

Zealand was nominally a dependency of New South Wales until 1840, when it became a separate British colony; land was acquired from the Maori tribes who occupied the country, and the foundations of a prosperous settlement were laid, but dishonest dealings with the natives brought about a disastrous war, which continued with varying fortune until the submission of the Maoris in 1872. Like most British colonies, New Zealand has a governor and an elective legislature, in the lower House of which the Maoris are allowed representation. Large provision is made for education, and the proportion of illiterate adults is small. Eleven twelfths of the people are of British descent, the number of Maoris not exceeding 45,000. The latter are now peaceable, and their race is declining in strength and numbers before the whites.

## A Princely Gift.

THE Duke d'Aumale has presented the French people with a lasting memorial of his generosity. He has announced his intention of immediately making over to the French Institute his vast estates at Chantilly, to be held in perpetual trust for the benefit of the people.

The gift includes the houses, lands, and art treasures. A portion of the revenues is set apart for completing the collections, while the remainder is to be expended in prizes for the encouragement of artists. The only condition accompanying the gift is the simple one that the establishment shall be maintained intact as it is on the day when the title is transferred to the Institute. At least twice a week for six months in the year the estate, which is to be known as the Museum Condé, is to be thrown open to the people.

The Duke d'Aumale is the son of Louis Philippe, who was King of the French 1830-48. He shares, therefore, that royal blood which the French Radicals consider a taint. A few months ago the zealous republicans secured the passage of a law decreeing the exile of the members of former reigning families. Its provisions included the Duke d'Aumale, and he was one of the earliest to leave the native land which his father had ruled for eighteen years. In 1884 he had made a will bequeathing the Chantilly estates to the nation, and his action in making the transfer during his lifetime is perhaps prompted by the apprehension that the state would not scruple to seize the property at his death. Whatever the motive of the giver, there is no doubting the value of the gift. The property is said to be worth \$12,000,000, and all lovers of art will rejoice that the paintings and sculptures gathered within the walls of this museum are to be preserved in such manner that they will contribute their utmost to the enjoyment of others and the encouragement of art.

## Lord Churchill's Speech.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, the leader of the Tories in the British House of Commons, made a speech Oct. 2 which attracted wide attention as a statement of the policy of the present government.

The extracts of this address which have been telegraphed indicate a purpose on the part of the Tories to adopt many of the measures which have hitherto been the rallying-point for the most advanced Liberals. It was said of Sir Robert Peel, the Conservative Premier who adopted the policy of his opponents, that "he caught the Whigs in bathing and ran off with their clothes;" and the same would appear to be true of Lord Churchill's action. He throws over the doctrines which Disraeli taught the party, and adopts from his enemies principles whose popularity is assured. The policy of this course is apparent from the present division of party strength in the Commons. The Tories hold office only by the sufferance of some four-score Liberals, who are opposed to the Gladstone plan of dealing with Ireland. This is their sole bond of union with the Tories.

But if the Tories so alter their policy upon other national questions as to make it easy for these Liberal seceders to co-operate with them, an alliance may be formed which will keep Lord Randolph Churchill's party in power for several years.

## The Slaves of Cuba.

SPAIN has been for some years the only European nation in whose possession slaves were legally held in bondage. Yet the last decade has seen great improvement in this respect even for a nation where reform makes its way so slowly as in Spain. In 1873 the National Assembly passed a bill for the abolition of slavery in Porto Rico, while a bill for the gradual emancipation of the Cuban slaves was passed by the royal government in 1879. The latter bill provided that on the promulgation of the law all slaves of 55 and upward should become free. Slaves from 50 to 55 were to be liberated Sept. 17, 1880; from 45 to 50 in 1882; from 40 to 45 in 1884; from 35 to 40 in 1886; from 30 to 35 in 1888. Those below 30 were to be freed in 1890. A certain sum was set apart from the annual revenues of Cuba, from which the losses of the slave-owners were to be repaid. From 1880 to 1883, 27,000 slaves were emancipated in Cuba, and it now appears that the remaining bondsmen have been set free by the royal decree signed by the queen-regent Oct. 7, 1886.

## A Brief Survey.

THE N. Y. Court of Appeals has refused to reconsider the case of H. W. Jaehne, who is now imprisoned for receiving bribes while an alderman of New York city. Four other aldermen were arraigned Oct. 7, and their trials were set for Oct. 18.—The tenth general convention of the Knights of Labor commenced its sessions at Richmond, Va., Oct. 4. Fully 1,000 delegates, male and female, white and black, were in attendance.—The triennial convention of the Episcopal Church assembled in Chicago, Oct. 6.—The seventy-sixth anniversary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (Congregationalist) assembled at Des Moines, Ia., Oct. 5.—The Mississippi River steamer *La Mascotte* was set on fire by an explosion Oct. 5, and 30 of those on board were killed by burning, scalding, or drowning. Others are badly wounded or missing.—The public debt of the United States was diminished \$10,800,000 in the month of Sept.—The fifty-sixth conference of the Mormon Church assembled at Coalville, Utah, Oct. 6. The leaders of the Church did not dare to appear, but the general tone of the meeting favored resolute resistance to the laws so far as they conflict with the practice of Mormon doctrines.—The motion of the Chicago anarchists for a new trial was overruled Oct. 7, and the sentence was pronounced—seven to hanging, and one to imprisonment for 15 years.—Extensive prairie fires are reported in Minnesota and Manitoba.—The pork-packers of Chicago notified their employees Oct. 7 that, beginning with Oct. 11, the working day would consist of ten hours instead of eight. 10,000 employees immediately went out on a strike.—The Georgia election, Oct. 6, resulted in the choice of Gen. Gordon, the Democratic candidate for governor, with a prohibition Legislature. Two amendments to the State constitution were carried. The first makes provision under which the Legislature may legally grant pensions to Confederate soldiers; the second permits local legislation to originate in either branch of the Legislature.

The death sentences of the condemned leaders of the Spanish military revolt have been commuted to imprisonment in the Spanish fortresses in Africa. The Ministers of War, Justice, and Marine opposed this mildness and resigned. It is said that the cabinet will be remodeled upon a more democratic basis.—The Hovas of Madagascar have been so reluctant to accept the French conditions of peace that a renewal of the war is threatened.—The regular session of the German Parliament (*Reichstag*) opens Nov. 18. The government will ask for a military appropriation for an indefinite number of years, and will urge the necessity of dealing boldly with the socialists.—The British garrison of Mytheit in Burmah, which was surrounded by the native troops, has been relieved by a British column after a most toilsome march. Nearly every man in the beleaguered garrison was sick with fever when the welcome aid arrived.—The police of Vienna have discovered an anarchist plot to murder the emperor Francis Joseph and burn the city. The conspiracy was hatched in England and America. Many arrests have been made.

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"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest and youthful jollity."—Milton.

—An agricultural exchange thinks that the old-fashioned plow is soon destined to become a thing of the past. We have often thought it was being run into the ground.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—Things One Would Rather Have Left Unsaid.

—She—"And you are really better, Professor, since you came to live in Hampstead?"

He—"O, yes, a different man altogether."

—She—"How pleased all your friends will be!"—*Punch.*

—Sunday Observance.—A diminutive, dirty-faced boy was endeavoring to please the passengers and get a few pennies by singing comic songs in the car. When he had finished and was passing along the aisle with outstretched palm, making his collections, the lady in question said to him: "Don't you know it's wicked to sing songs on Sunday?" The youngster looked at her for a second and with a twinkle in his black eyes replied, "Don't you think it's wicked to travel on Sunday?" The passengers roared and no more questions were asked.—*Buffalo Courier.*

—A Hartford laboring man tried to make out the inscription on the memorial arch, "Post Nubila Phœbus," dedication day. "Post—no—bil," he began; "Post no bills; haint they got that rather high to do much good?"—*Exchange.*

—"I suppose," said Dumley, after he had registered, to the hotel clerk, "that when a guest has no baggage his personal appearance has more or less to do with making him pay in advance."

"O, yes," replied the clerk. "In this business we soon learn to size a man up. Will you have your trunk sent to your room, Mr.—er—Dumley?"

"No, I haven't any baggage. I only expect to be in town a day or so."

"Four dollars, please."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Statistician Dodge of the Department of Agriculture says there are about eighty swine to every one hundred of our population. We hadn't supposed there were so many hogs among people as that.—*Lewell Courier.*

—Merritt—"I see you have a new girl."

Little Johnny (confidentially)—"Yes, and I tell you she's a corker."

Bridget (speaking up)—"Indade Oi'm not, sorr. Oi cum from Limerick."—*Exchange.*

—"How is it," said a Scotch minister to his servant, "that you can never go a message for me anywhere in the parish but you take too much spirits? People don't offer me whisky when I'm making visits in the parish."

"Weel, sir," answered John, "I canna precessely explain it, unless on the supposition that I'm a wee mair popular wi' some o' the folks."—*Exchange.*

—A Christian clergyman once went to an orthodox synagogue with a Jewish friend. He listened to the congregation chanting "Mismar L'David" with the usual congregational discord, and was told by his Jewish friend that it was sung to the same tune in the days of David. "Ah!" said the clergyman, with a sigh of relief, "that accounts for it. I have often wondered why Saul threw his javelin at David."—*Hebrew Standard.*

—It sounds comical to hear an ordinary congregation singing, "Jesus, I my cross have taken, all to leave, and follow thee!" Think of a woman with a silk gown on and a stuffed bird in her hat standing up and singing, "Naked, poor, despised, forsaken, Thou from hence my all shall be."—*Sunday-School Times.*

—A Scotch minister, in one of his parochial visits, met a cow-boy, and asked him what o'clock it was.

"About twelve, sir."

"Well," remarked the minister, "I thought it was more."

"It's never any more here," said the boy, "it just begins at one again."

—Little Tommy has a very perverse disposition—a fact which the doctor, who was called to prescribe a course of treatment for him, recently seems to have taken fully into account. When the doctor called two weeks after he had told Tommy what to do in order to get well, he found the boy plainly much better.

"Well, how are you, Tommy?" the doctor asked.

"O, I'm all cured now," said Tommy, with a grin.

"That's very good, I'm sure."

"Yes, but I didn't do a single one of the things you told me to, doctor!"

"Of course you didn't! I knew you wouldn't, and that's the reason I told you to do them," said the doctor.—*Boston Record.*

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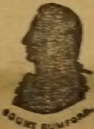
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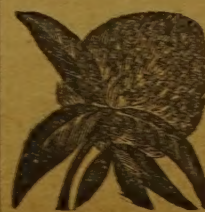
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